

Emperor's New Clothes

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Summary: Crowley's the King of Hell and he's not letting anybody take that crown from him. Because he's CROWLEY and nobody messes with him. Based on the song by Panic! At the Disco.

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****Disclaimer: I don't own SPN.****

****I CAN'T be the only person who thinks of Crowley when I hear this song. I just CANT. So I wrote this for a close friend of mine, who's a total Crowley fangirl :)****

****Also, the movie that Crowley references is *_**The Sandlot**_**.**

"Any questions?" Crowley said. His voice was light, sweet, seemingly innocent " but the bloody, cowering, twisted soul chained before him was testament to the fact that he was anything but. The demon shook its head, whimpering, and Crowley nodded in satisfaction at the second demon standing over it, a crimson razor in its hand.

"Go back to whatever you were doing before" Henry."

"Harrison, sir," the demon corrected. Crowley just waved him off before sweeping back to his throne room. It hadn't been easy securing Hell after Lucifer had been shoved back into the Cage but he was _Crowley_ and there was nothing he couldn't do! He was the bloody King of Hell now!

"It's the end of an era, Vanessa," he said proudly, settling onto his throne.

"Victoria, sir."

"I've done my time as a common demon. Now I'm the top dog around

here. It's mine, you hear me? All mine."

"Yes, sir," the attractive blonde demon said, nodding hurriedly and smoothing down her blazer and skirt. "Hell is yours."

"Enough of the sir nonsense," Crowley said, waving a dismissive hand. The demon perked up. "I think I prefer Your Majesty. Or my king, if you have to."

"Yes, my king. Do you want to hear my report on Hell's affairs?"

"If you must."

While the demon blathered on about stuff that Crowley could quite honestly not take any sort of interest in, the new king drifted off into his own thoughts. From answering to pompous, up-themselves higher demons who took great pleasure in ordering him around (Lilith had been a nasty bitch, and so high maintenance. Pleasing her was next to impossible), now he had little sycophants answering to him.

From keeping a low profile in semi-luxury and not drawing any more attention to himself than necessary, he was surrounded by all the lavish, magnificent wealth that he could ever want. He was a king. He was the king. He was far more than any royalty out there! Hell, he was a legend. That stupidly sweet kiddie movie was right: heroes got remembered but it was the legends who never died and lived on forever.

And the thing that made him better than any other king that ever lived? He didn't live. While those piddly little mortals played dress-up in castles on Earth and pretended that they were important, he was actually somebody. He was the one king to rule them all! But in the end, nearly every monarch ended up down in his little world of fun. They were nothing but greedy, murderous pigs, taking advantage of their position to screw over their subjects, and more of them ended up downstairs rather than upstairs. He'd seen a lot of them down here and they were definitely regretting their life choices when they were strapped to the racks. They were content to hide in their little niches of human wealth and luxury but as soon as they ended up in Hell and their positions were switched, there was nowhere to run or hide.

The age of Lucifer was over. Now began the age of Crowley; full of fearful sycophants who knew their places and knew that it was in their best interest to not speak up against him and a new king who was taking anything that he bloody well wanted. He saw what was his and he took it "and the crown just so happened to be part of it.

All hail King Crowley!

End
file.